

THE LIGUORIAN

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Mystical Rose

I love the violet's glossy hue,
That hides in the rose's shade;
But fairer than violet ever grew
Is the heart of the humble Maid.

The snow-white lily's my garden queen,
Its calyx holds summer dreams;
No whiteness so white, no gloss like her sheen,
Yet—purer our Lady's heart gleams.

But see that rose with its ruddy face
So stately, so plushy, so sweet.
The garden beauties all bow to her grace;
But sweeter the Rose at God's feet.

Fair are the hues on the palette of Spring,
And charming grave Autumn's art;
But their colors fade when the wintry King,
Comes blighting each flowery heart.

One flower e'er blooms, one never dies,
The brightest flower that blows;
The flower that ravished a God from the skies,
The rubeate, mystical Rose.

The queenliest lily, the reddiest rose,
The plushiest violet shy,
Are petals that fell from the mystical Rose,
When lifted by God to the sky.

—Augustine Zeller, C. Ss. R.

THE EARLY FATHERS OF THE CHURCH ON THE REAL PRESENCE

Every fair-minded person who reads the writings of the most ancient Fathers of the Church will be convinced that the Christians of the first two centuries had a clear and firm faith in the Real Presence of the true body and blood of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist.

TESTIMONY OF ST. IGNATIUS, BISHOP OF ANTIOTH. The earliest Father of the Church who mentions the Holy Eucharist in his writings is St. Ignatius, a disciple of the apostles. A very ancient tradition informs us that Ignatius was a little child in the life-time of our divine Saviour. Now we know that when, on a certain occasion the apostles were driving away the children crowding around our Lord, Jesus took up one of them in His arms, saying: "Suffer little children to come to Me, for of such is the kingdom of God. Amen I say unto you: Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter into it" (Mark 10:13-16); that is, if any one wished to enter heaven, he should become in humility, simplicity and innocence, like the little child He was holding in His arms. This little child, tradition tells us, afterwards became St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, whom the Emperor Trajan sent under guard to Rome to be there exposed to and devoured by wild beasts out of hatred to the Christian religion and for the amusement of the Romans. On his long journey to Rome, St. Ignatius wrote several letters to exhort and encourage the Christians of various cities, and also one to the Christians in Rome expressing his great desire of dying for Christ and beseeching them not to take any steps to prevent his martyrdom, which he declares to be his glory and happiness. In his letter to the Christians of Smyrna, where St. Polycarp, another disciple of the apostles, was bishop, St. Ignatius warns them against certain heretics of those days who would not believe in the holy Eucharist, and says: "These heretics do not admit the Eucharist, because they do not acknowledge that the Eucharist is the very flesh of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which suffered for our sins." No words can express more clearly the Real Presence, for in these few words St. Ignatius tells us that in the Eucharist there is really and truly the very flesh or body of Jesus Christ which suffered and died for our sins.

TESTIMONY OF ST. JUSTIN, MARTYR: Let us now turn our attention to the writings of St. Justin, who also sealed his faith with his

blood. He lived in the first half of the second century. He was a philosopher of the school of Plato. After due investigation and instruction he became a Christian. After his conversion he continued to profess philosophy and wear the usual philosopher's mantle. He had many controversies with pagan philosophers, and became an acknowledged champion of the Christian religion. When accused of being a Christian, he defended his faith even before the Roman Senate. He addressed two apologies of the Christian religion to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, and wrote several other works in defence of the Christian religion. His bold profession and defense of the faith were the cause of his martyrdom in the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius in the year 165. In Chapter 66 of his First Apology he speaks of the Holy Eucharist as follows: "This food, which we call the Eucharist, no one is permitted to partake of, unless he believes that our teaching is true and has submitted to the ablution for the forgiveness of sins (that is, has been baptized) and regeneration, and lives as Christ has commanded (that is, faithfully keeps the commandments), for we take this food, not as common bread, nor as common drink, but as Jesus Christ, our Saviour, made flesh by the Logos (Word) had flesh and blood to effect our salvation, so have we been taught that also the food consecrated by the word of prayer ordained by Him, by which our blood and flesh are nourished, is the flesh and blood of that Jesus who was made flesh. This the apostles have handed down in their memoirs, called Gospels, (declaring) that they were commanded to do this by these words: 'Do this in commemoration of Me, for this is My body;' and in the same manner He took the chalice, gave thanks and said: 'This is My blood,' and then gave them all to drink thereof."

This extract from St. Justin's First Apology testifies to the belief of the early Christians, one hundred years after our divine Saviour's death, in the Real Presence. Every word of his unmistakably indicates this, for he plainly declares that in holy Communion not mere bread and wine are received, but the very flesh and blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, "the Divine Word made flesh" for our salvation, and that our own flesh and blood are nourished in holy Communion with the very flesh and blood of the God-Man, Jesus Christ. In fact, if St. Justin were now living among us as one of us, he could not speak more clearly and more forcibly to express the faith of the Catholic Church in the Real Presence.

TESTIMONY OF ST. IRENÆUS, BISHOP OF LYONS AND MARTYR: This saint was born in Asia Minor about the year 130. He was a disciple of St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, who had been one of the favorite disciples of St. John the Evangelist, and for this reason was looked upon with great veneration by the whole Church in the second century. Irenæus was among the first missionaries sent into Gaul in the second half of the second century to convert its inhabitants to the Christian religion. When St. Pothinus, the first Bishop of Lyons, with a number of Christians, had suffered martyrdom for the faith, St. Irenæus was chosen to succeed him. In the year 204, he, with thousands of Christians, suffered martyrdom in the persecution of the Emperor Septimius Severus. Among his writings is a very important book entitled, "Against Heresies," in which he enumerates and refutes the heresies of his time and takes the stand that "no one can be orthodox in the faith, unless he be in communion with the *Bishop of Rome*." In this work there are two passages relating to the Real Presence, in which he says: "How do those heretics say that that flesh which is nourished with the Lord's blood and body, becomes corrupt and does not receive life? . . . How do they deny that our flesh, which is nourished with the Lord's blood and body, is capable of receiving the gift of God, namely, eternal life?" To understand the saint's meaning, we should bear in mind that among the heretics St. Irenæus was refuting, there were some who denied the resurrection of the body and the capability of the body to enjoy the happiness of heaven. To refute them the saint recalled the fact, taught by Jesus Himself, that man's flesh (that is, body), which in holy Communion is nourished with the body and blood of Christ, is thereby rendered capable of resurrection and of enjoying heavenly bliss, for, he says, "Did not the Saviour Himself tell us that the reception of His body and blood would be the pledge of a glorious resurrection and of the consequent enjoyment of life everlasting? 'This is the will of my Father, who sent Me, that every one who seeth the Son and believeth in Him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day. I am the Bread of life. . . . If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live forever, and the Bread which I will give is My flesh for the life of the world. . . . He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day.' " (John 6.) All this shows us clearly that the early Christians not only believed in the Real Presence, but also considered holy Communion as the pledge of a glorious resurrection and

of the heavenly reward, just as our Catechism now teaches us.

TESTIMONY OF TERTULLIAN: Tertullian lived in the second half of the second century and in the first quarter of the third. Before becoming a priest he had been married and had practiced law. He was a man of great talent and learning. His great work is entitled, "On Prescription," against heresies, refuting them by the argument known in judiciary proceedings by the name of Prescription, or as we popularly express it: "Possession is nine points of the law, and a person in possession of a thing cannot be lawfully dispossessed of it without clear and adequate proof that he has no right to it." In this work Tertullian proves that heresy cannot claim to be the doctrine of Christ, because the Church from the beginning has possessed the true doctrine of Christ. But Tertullian, in spite of his learning and masterly ability, had failed to master himself, and therefore being disappointed in his ambitious aspirations and spurred on by his excessive rigorism he fell into heresy, teaching among other errors that there should be no forgiveness to those who had fallen into great crimes, such as apostacy, murder, etc. He had previously refuted in his great work "On Prescription" his own errors. Nevertheless, in his former orthodox works, he is a genuine witness of the faith of the early Church in the Real Presence. "Christ," he writes, "taking bread and distributing it to His disciples, made it His own body by saying: 'This is My body' . . . Our flesh feeds on the body and blood of Christ, in order that our soul may thrive on God." By these words he clearly declares that the Holy Eucharist is really the body and blood of Jesus Christ and the spiritual nourishment of our souls. This is the very teaching of the Church on the Real Presence.

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

A blossom bears no fruit except it die—
E'en so, unless a soul hath sacrific'd
Self-love, and doth its flesh deny,
'Twill not begin to bear good fruit in Christ.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

FATHER TIM CASEY

"Pastorem oportet cognoscere oves et corripere." (A pastor has the strict duty of knowing his flock and correcting the erring members.) Well Father Casey remembered from seminary days that principle and the emphatic manner in which the old professor had insisted upon it.

Easter time was drawing to a close. He had looked up all the backsliders and warned them not to neglect the sacraments—all except Mrs. Q. Reginald Wainwright; and how thoroughly distasteful was the task of approaching her! It had been easy enough, for example, to track up Mike Dobbin until he had him in a corner and to give him such a lecture, full of severity and motherly tenderness, as brought Mike, reluctant but repentant, to Confession the next Saturday night. But Mrs. Q. Reginald Wainwright—to correct her was a task of quite a different order, and he heartily wished that it were over and done with. He remembered when she was plain (O, so very plain!) Mary Anne Duffy, freckle-faced, snub-nosed Mary Anne Duffy—none too clean and not a bit worried about it. That, however, was years ago—long before she trapped the pompous Reginald and became, as the neighbors put it, "some pumpkins."

Wainwright had never positively tried to prevent her from practicing her religion. He was far too highly polished to do such a vulgar thing. He even accompanied her to mass on Christmas, Easter, and a few other occasions, when he considered it good form to visit a church of some kind. Of course, he could not be expected always to restrain the sneer or the cutting remark that came naturally to his lips at the mention of some particularly distasteful "mediaeval mummery"—Confession, for instance. However, it was not this that weaned Mary Anne—I beg pardon, Mrs. Q. Reginald—gradually away from the belief and practice of her holy faith. No; it was rather the spirit of wordliness, naturalism, which saturated her husband through and through and pervaded the very atmosphere of the house where he lived. This life was everything; the life to come nothing. Creature comforts and the means to secure them constituted the highest good. All suffering, even bodily discomfort, must be shunned at every cost. And then, since even the unbeliever must have some belief, he salved his conscience with the watery dogma, "It matters not whether we profess any religion provided we lead honest lives." [As if the life of that man could be called honest who neglects to pay his first debt, his debt

to the God that made him.] This pleasant and soothing doctrine of Q. Reginald Wainwright proved acceptable to such a sensual creature as his wife. She gradually adopted it in word and work, albeit she had not ceased to call herself a Catholic—an *enlightened* Catholic, she would have been careful to explain.

"Have I any obligation of trying to induce her to make her Easter Confession, when I am fairly certain the confessor will find her unfit for absolution," Father Casey had querulously asked himself a dozen times, and a dozen times the answer had taken the form of a principle learned in the seminary: "pastorem oportet cognoscere oves et corripere." That is why he found himself this bright spring evening ringing the Wainwright door bell and fervently hoping there was no one at home. No such luck! He was ushered in, and the welcome he received instantly changed spring to midwinter. He took a quiet inventory of the room while master and mistress bade him welcome. [Welcome! ah, what an empty word thou canst sometimes be on polite lips!] Everything bespoke ease and luxury. No children to track up the glassy varnished floors or upset the bric-a-brac. Only a poodle that received care and coddling enough to go around twice in any good-sized family. For all her grandeur, there was a weary, hunted look in the eyes of Mrs. Q. Reginald Wainwright, which he had never seen there when she was harum-scarum Mary Anne.

In the face of covert opposition on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, and open hostility on the part of the poodle, the priest approached the question of Easter duty.

"Dear me," drawled the lady, "are we so near the end of Easter time? The days pass so quickly, Father Casey, don't you know!"

The master of the house was nettled.

"It's no wonder, sir," he said, "that the Catholic Church cannot hold her intelligent members if she persists in saddling such burdens upon them. How can they fail to see the absurdity of Confession—the absurdity of saying that a confirmed sot, for instance, who would sell his very God for whiskey, is made spotless as an innocent child, if, in a lucid moment between two drunks, a priest mumbles over him that hocus-pocus, presto-chango stuff that you call absolution!"

"That would be absurd indeed!" said Father Casey. "Naturally I, a priest, know the doctrines of the Catholic Church fairly well, and I have never found that she teaches any such thing. The Catholic Sacrament of Confession does not consist merely in the words of the

priest, but in the contrition of the person confessing as well. Just as it would be foolish to call that performance the Catholic Sacrament of Baptism wherein the priest would say: 'I baptize thee,' without having any water to pour upon the head of the person to be baptized, so, too, is it equally foolish to call that performance the Catholic Sacrament of Confession where the priest would say, 'I absolve thee,' over a person who narrated his sins without contrition."

"That gives me but little light," growled Wainwright. "What do I know about your contrition?"

"Mary Anne," commanded Father Casey peremptorily, "tell him what contrition is."

Mrs. Wainwright was taken off her feet by being addressed in this way, and before she realized it, she had rattled off the well-known Act of Contrition.

"You did not tell us what contrition is; you simply repeated a formula of words by means of which contrition may be externally manifested. Mr. Wainwright," he continued, turning to that gentleman, "since I have come into your house to urge your wife to perform the Catholic duty of Confession, it is right that I should make clear to you what the Catholic sacrament of Confession really is, for it is too evident that you do not know. Confession is a sacrament instituted by Christ whereby a Christian who confesses his sins with true contrition is freed from the guilt of those sins by the absolution of the priest. You understand every word of this definition except 'absolution' and 'contrition.' Absolution is a liberative sentence pronounced by the priest in virtue of the judicial authority he received in ordination as a lawful successor of the first judges of sin ordained by Christ. Contrition is detestation and sorrow of heart for the sin committed, coupled with a firm determination not to sin again. Let me point out to you the qualities that this contrition must possess and without which the Catholic sacrament of Confession cannot exist. Had you been better informed on this point, you would never have made the statement which you made a moment ago, and which, to a Catholic, is nothing short of blasphemy.

"The first quality required for contrition," continued Father Casey, "is that it be *interior*. Your wife has just repeated the Act of Contrition which Catholics are accustomed to recite when going to Confession. However, the recitation of the Act of Contrition is not sufficient, neither is it absolutely necessary. As I told you, contrition is

sorrow and detestation for sin, and you know that sorrow and detestation for anything is in the heart and not on the lips. If a Catholic would go to Confession and recite the Act of Contrition without having real sorrow and detestation for sin in his heart, that would be no sacrament of Confession at all."

"Well, Father," interrupted Mrs. Wainwright, who was so far forgetting herself as to become interested in the discussion, "if you forget to say the Act of Contrition, your Confession is no good either, is it?"

"Perfectly good, my child, provided you have true sorrow in your heart. Of course, this sorrow must be manifested to the priest in some way; but the mere fact that you are kneeling there accusing yourself of your sins is sufficient manifestation. It is implicitly saying, 'I am sorry for my sins.' The priest will be satisfied with that unless he has reason to think that you are not telling the truth."

"Do you mean to tell me," queried Wainwright, "that all the old topers you round up Easter time have in their heart a true sorrow and detestation for ever having emptied a whiskey bottle! Bah!"

"I mean to tell you nothing of the kind. Neither do I mean," persisted the priest, aiming a home thrust at this sleek Pharisee, "to say that every man that has taken an unfair advantage of his competitors in business, nor every man that has violated the laws of God and nature in marriage has in his heart a true sorrow and detestation for having committed these sins. But I do mean to say that if he has not this sorrow his Confession is worthless. If the Confessor sees he has not this sorrow and is unable to awaken it in him he must send him away without absolution. If the confessor gives him absolution, thinking he has this sorrow, while in reality he has not, that absolution will not be ratified in heaven."

Wainwright fidgetted in his chair. Then, feeling it was his turn to say something:

"Sorrow is a very relative thing," he muttered; "Mike Duggan may be sorry for his last drunk when he thinks of the night in the calaboose and the fine the next morning. But he is glad of the rousing time he had; he is smacking his lips still over the taste of the fine whiskey Grogan bought for him that night. The net result will be more joy than sorrow over the drunk. Still he can truthfully say that he is sorry and so slip by your contrition test. Sorrow is a very relative thing."

"There is nothing relative about the sorrow necessary for a valid

Confession," retorted Father Casey quickly. "It must be *supreme*, otherwise it is useless."

"Supreme? What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that the sorrow for sin, required for a valid Confession, must outweigh the sorrow for any other evil."

"Then," laughed Wainwright, "you priests had just as well shut up shop. Wakes and funerals have got your goat. I'll bet a plug hat that four-fifths of the men that bawl when wife or child dies, don't shed a tear when going to Confession."

"You win, Mr. Wainwright; but your argument proves nothing. Sorrow is an act of the will, not an exhibition of feelings. Ask these men whether they are fully prepared to commit the sin again in order to bring that dear one back to life. Just ask them; you will be surprised to hear nearly every one of them say, 'No, by the grace of God, I wouldn't.' There is the real test which shows they are more sorry for their sins than for any other evil that ever befell them, even if they do not shed a single tear over these sins."

The priest paused a moment, then continued:

"There is nothing really difficult about this for a man of faith. The sorrow required for a valid Confession must be *supernatural* in its origin and supernatural in its motive. Supernatural in its origin—that is, it must proceed from the grace of God; supernatural in its motive—he must be sorry, for example, principally because by his sin he has offended the infinitely perfect God, or because he has lost his right to heaven and rendered himself deserving of the eternal pains of hell. I do not say that he cannot be sorry at the same time on account of some natural motive, for instance, because by his sin he lost his health or his reputation, but he must be sorry principally for some supernatural motive, and, I repeat, this is by no means difficult for a man of faith, for one who has a vivid realization of the existence of God and of the eternity of joy that awaits the just and the eternity of torments that awaits the wicked."

"Yes," said Wainwright wearily, "no doubt anyone in the morbidly retrospective mood your Confession seems to postulate, will easily manage to unearth some absurd blunder, or, as you would say, some sin, that he heartily regrets. Still I don't see—"

"Our sacrament of Confession is not satisfied if the sinner regrets some sin; he must regret them all. One of the necessary conditions of Contrition is that it be *universal*. I can imagine a man who had

offered you three deadly insults, coming to ask pardon, and saying, 'Mr. Wainwright, I remember that I deliberately insulted you on three different occasions. I can honestly say that I am sorry for two of these insults.' I can imagine a man speaking thus to you but I cannot imagine you forgiving him and readmitting him to your intimate friendship until he makes atonement also for that third insult. Now, when anyone commits a grievous sin, he offers a deadly insult to Almighty God. When he receives the sacrament of Confession, God pardons him. But God cannot pardon him and therefore he cannot really receive the sacrament of Confession until he is sorry for every one of his grievous sins. This doctrine about Confession may be new to you, Mr. Wainwright, but it is thoroughly understood by all fairly well instructed Catholics. They are perfectly aware that there is no use in their trying to get absolution unless they are sorry for all their sins. When we see certain Catholics shirking Confession, it is not uncharitable to suspect that they have a pet sin nestling in their hearts which they love more than they love God or their immortal souls."

Mrs. Wainwright was clearly growing nervous. She made a feeble attempt to change the subject. However, her husband felt that the enemy occupied far more of his territory than was conducive towards a favorable treaty of peace, and accordingly he essayed another attack.

"Your whole line-up is altogether too technical, Fath—sir. You boast that your Church is the Church of the poor. How is old Mrs. Mulligan across the street going to remember all these qualities of contrition when she goes to Confession?"

"Mr. Wainwright, a chemist's scientific statement enumerating the qualities of true gold is above the comprehension of the uneducated; there is, however, a test that all can understand. You know what it is."

"The fire test," said Wainwright.

"The fire test for contrition," said Father Casey, "is its effect on one's future conduct. He who is firmly determined, by the help of grace, to die rather than offend God by another mortal sin—he has true contrition—contrition with all the qualities I have described. He who is not so determined, has not. This constitutes the last condition of contrition—it must be *efficacious*."

No further objections being offered, Father Casey continued:

"For the future, Mr. Wainwright, remember this: There is no such thing as the Catholic sacrament of Confession without genuine contrition and no contrition can pass as genuine unless it is: first,

interior, in the heart and not merely on the lips; secondly, *supreme*, a sorrow for sin greater than the sorrow for any other evil; *thirdly*, *supernatural*, inspired by grace and regret for having offended God, lost heaven, or deserved hell; fourthly, *universal*, embracing every grievous sin without any exception; fifthly, *efficacious*, coupled with a firm determination to avoid sin and therefore to adopt the means necessary for avoiding it. Remember this for the future, and you will never again say, as you said today, that the Catholic sacrament of Confession is a superstitious performance which pretends to make a confirmed toper as spotless as an innocent child by muttering over him the hocus-pocus presto-chango stuff called absolution during a lucid interval between two drunks."

When Father Casey took his leave, there were few words lost in invitations to call again. However, the poodle was the only one adequately to express the sentiments of the family, for he barked long and savagely after the departing priest.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

WHEN THE MISSIONARY COMES HOME

One thing which tells us that the old missionary is succumbing to the strain of twenty years of toil is that his memory is beginning to fail him. His zeal for souls is as ardent—nay, a thousand times more so than when he entered the pulpit long years ago on his first mission. His voice is as full and as strong as ever, and at times a flash, as of fire, will light up in his eyes to speak of a spirit that hell has reason to dread.

But withal, his memory is failing, is losing that tenacity that be-speaks youth. For example, he has told us the following experience as many as four times. But he could tell it four times more and the last time we would be as attentive as the first.

"Oh! it is a pity," he would say, "that Catholics in the world do not sufficiently realize what great missionaries they can be in their own humble way. Did you ever hear it said that wherever there is a good Catholic there is a Catholic pulpit?" We nodded assent. "Well, the truth of that saying was forcibly brought home to me in a mission I once gave in a town here in Wisconsin.

"It was a country town, a most charming spot: None of your

artificial parks and drives, no dingy, smoky atmosphere, but wild nature at her best, and pure air everywhere. I cannot describe that scene such as it is, but may be I can give you some idea of it. The town is situated between two lakes—like a precious gift set in diamonds. Just outside the town these two lakes meet in a magnificent waterfall. To the north of the town the river, which supplies the upper lake, steals along beneath high bluffs of limestone. It would be hard to decide which is the more attractive—the bluffs or the waterfall. But this is not telling you about the mission.

"The character of the people in this little town was in accordance with the simple grandeur of the place. They were simple, honest, hard-working men and women, good church goers, conscientious Catholics, always ready and willing to second the zealous efforts of their pastor. You will say—why then did they have a mission? Well, you see—or you will see before I come to the end of my story—there are black sheep in every fold, there are spots on the brightest summer sun.

"One day, when I had an hour or two to myself, the pastor kindly invited me out for a stroll into the country. Coming to the town limits, we stood at the 'parting of the ways.' One road led towards the bluffs, the other wound round the lakes in the direction of the waterfall. If I may use the figure, we were in a similar position to that of the proverbial animal who, finding himself at equal distances from two bales of hay, knew not to which one he should turn. The pastor loved the waterfall, and I wanted to see the bluffs. We agreed on a compromise—the bluffs today, the waterfall tomorrow.

"So we trudged up the winding road, chatting and talking about the mission. Just as we turned a corner near the summit, an old lady confronted us. Her face at once betrayed her nationality, but when she spoke I thought for a moment I was back on the hills of Tipperary.

"'Father,' she said, "'twas God sent you here. I've been doing all I can this blessed day to bring some of my friends to the mission. But I had no success, and I'm tired now and can't do any more.'

"'Are they Catholic?'

"'Shure they are, Your Reverence, and bad ones at that.'

"'And where do they live?'

"'Down there in the little cottage you just passed is Mrs. O'Lochran, and she says she's been too long away from Church now to ever think of going back again. And over there in the hollow live James and poor Katie McGovern. Shure, Father, now they're regretting

they weren't married before the priest, but they won't come to the mission. Glory be to God! but I never thought I'd see the day an Irishman would be ashamed of his faith. There's that young fellow down in that store and he denies that he's a Catholic, but I know he must be one.'

"Why so, my good woman?"

"Shure, Father, his name is Donavan—and that was my own name before I married Pat Slattery—God rest his soul!"

"To all this the pastor was a silent listener. When the conversation ended, I intimated to old Mrs. Slattery that I would go at once to these people and speak to them. The pastor protested, saying it was almost dinner hour and I had plenty time to visit these people later in the week. He told me afterwards that he had intended bringing me to each one on the list before the end of the mission.

"Now, Father," I said, "you see I'm sure of getting something to eat no matter when I get home, but perhaps this is the last chance I'll ever get to see those fallen aways or the last chance they will get for conversion."

"Little remains to be told after that. We visited the houses pointed out to us. A little patience, a few kind words of encouragement and those wayward children of St. Patrick were ready, in spite of whatever difficulties, to come back to their old faith—where alone their hearts found happiness and contentment.

"Oh, Father, we are so thankful!" but they never knew how much Mrs. Slattery had to do with their conversion."

MICHAEL H. PATHÉ, C. Ss. R.

When Mary sees a sinner at her feet imploring her mercy, she does not consider the crimes with which he is loaded, but the intention with which he comes; if his intention is good, if he sincerely desires to change his life, even though he should have committed all possible sins, the most loving Mother embraces him, and does not disdain to heal the wounds of his soul; for she is not merely called the Mother of Mercy, but is so truly and indeed, and she shows herself such by the love and tenderness with which she assists us all.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

THE SEED AND THE HARVEST,—AND THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM

ST. MARK IV, 26-29

The seed already sown. "And he said: So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast a seed into the earth." This parable is going to be a very short one. And the most singular thing about it is this: St. Mark is the only evangelist to record it. Our Lord was addressing the crowds who had assembled to hear Him unfold His plans for the future. In a long series of parables He laid before them a rough draught of the church He was going to build: a church, so vast that its walls would hold all the men of all the world and of all times yet to come; all, who were willing to enter it. That church is His kingdom. But what new feature is He going to point out in this parable?

The mere idea of founding such a kingdom was enough to puzzle His hearers. But, aside from the magnitude of the scheme—how would it ever come to be a reality? How?—just that is the point. He has already told us what is to happen when the seed was first being sown. He told us that a great per cent would be wasted; for some would fall on the roadside and would be picked up by the birds; others would fall among thorns and be choked by weeds; others would sprout a while and soon be parched and burnt by the heat. More than that. He told us too what must happen to the good seed, before it can bear fruit: He told us how it must die first. Now His explanation begins just at this point—how will matters advance after that? Critics tell us that Our Lord labored under the delusion that His kingdom would reach its fullest maturity already within His own lifetime; that He would live to see the end of the world. However, every child remembers those passages in the Gospel where He expressly refused to speak of the time of the end. So there is one bad plank in the critical theory. And our parable shows that He was in no hurry at all about His Kingdom on earth.

The sower leaves the field. "And should sleep, and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring, and grow up whilst he knoweth not." The person who is casting this seed is our Lord Himself. This we know from St. Matthew, who gives the same series of parables in Chapter XIII; and then, in verses 37 and 41, he explains that our Lord is the sower and the master of the field. Once the seed is cast, what will the sower do? You notice that the answer is given by a comparison. We are told that our Lord will act just as farmers or husbandmen in the Orient usually do. Once the sowing is done the farmer usually retires from the field. If he is well-to-do, he may hire a boy to watch the field and sound the alarm in case of danger, while he himself allows nature to take her course. He will give all his attention to other work; may even enter the service of some other proprietor; or lounge around in idleness. We are all familiar with the passage

in St. James: "Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, patiently bearing until he receive the earlier and the latter rains (v. 7)."

Of course, you cannot apply every trait in the comparison to our Lord. Just as when we say that a certain man is a "lion", we do not mean to say that he has claws and a mane and tail. We simply mean that he is distinguished for strength or courage or some similar trait. So we cannot infer from the parable that our Lord goes to sleep and rises; that He is ignorant of the processes of nature in maturing a seed. It is enough if He resembles the husbandman in this that once the seed is cast, He too retires from the field and allows matters to take their normal course. And this is just what He wanted to impress on his apostles: that once the seed was sown, He Himself would die, then rise again from the dead, and then ascend into heaven; leaving them alone on earth to prosecute their task. In this connection, His conversations with the apostles swarm with hints and warnings. There is a fair illustration in the Gospel of St. Luke: "As they were hearing these things, he added and spoke a parable, because he was nigh to Jerusalem; and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately be manifested. He said therefore: A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return." Here we notice first of all the idea of these persons: thinking that the kingdom would soon be manifested. Now our Lord takes special pains to correct it. Hence we may call it a blunder. Next see how He corrects it: before the kingdom be manifested, the nobleman goes away into another country. This nobleman is none other than our Lord Himself. Therefore he must first leave this country, that is the world. Lastly, He must go into a far country; thus implying quite a distance and quite a long absence. But do not imagine that He would put His parable in such a way as to lull poor sinners into a fatal sleep of over-confidence. For this reason He infuses a tone of warning into all His parables on this point. Moreover, the very magnitude of His plans made it clear to the apostles that the kingdom would not be fully and finally developed before His death. From the outset of His public career His mind and heart embraced all the nations of the world in the plans of His love; all must be saved; all were welcome to His kingdom. But all through His earthly life He consistently and definitely limited His work to the narrow circle of His native land. For instance, remember how He spoke to the apostles of the other sheep which were not yet of His sheepfold; but which must one day be led to Him so that there be but a single fold and a single shepherd (St. John, X, 16). Thus the task of assembling all would be reserved to the apostles. His repeated warnings about the persecutions in store for them, point to the same conclusion. He insisted that men would persecute the disciples as they had persecuted the Master. He also made ample provision against the day of need: "But I tell you the truth: it is expedient for you that I go; for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send him to you" (St. John, XVI, 7). The apostles, on their part, understood this well enough. They in their turn make all provisions requisite for the continuance of their work. We can trace a long list of fellow-laborers whom they selected; they empowered these to appoint and ordain others to take their place, they draw up long lists of qualities needful in an effective successor. While thinking of their own death as impending in the near future they labor for the church as a thing that should not die. How pathetic are the farewell words of St. Paul to St. Timothy: "Be thou vigilant, labor in all things, do the work of an evangelist, fulfil thy ministry. For I am even now ready to be sacrificed, and the time of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just judge, will render to me in that day" (2 Tim., IV, 5-8).

Surely, though gradually. "For the earth of itself bringeth forth fruit, first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear." Growth is sure. In case of an earthly harvest we may dread some

scorching drought; may fear the well-timed inroad of the Beduin who will carry off the entire harvest in a day. If so much seed may be lost at its first sowing, is there no reason to fear that all might yet be lost as well, when the seed has commenced to grow? But fear not: our Lord has pledged His sacred word and so far history has proven it true. The seed of God's kingdom is instinct with a divine life; and thanks to this irresistible force it must grow and prosper.

Deserts of weakness and vice will be changed into flowering gardens where every virtue thrives; the seared and darkling gorges where demons made their hideous lair will be cheered by a new sunlight of heavenly truth, and run brimming over with the sparkling streams of grace. Such strength lies in that seed. The messenger who helps in casting it upon the earth may sometimes lack all those chances that seem necessary for success; but all that matters little; for the winds may carry the seed into the hearts and souls of men; and God's grace will effect its growth. And no power on earth can choke it altogether. You may imagine that the huge colossus of Rome would take umbrage at the little field being sown and planted so close to it. Rome summoned her legions, armed them to the teeth, and bade them invade the little garden plot and trample all the sprouting grain into the ground. Nothing seemed easier. And yet what was the result? After centuries of exertions Rome herself succumbed and became a gardener in that field. Soon after that, dark clouds lowered on the distant horizon; a fearful storm was brewing. With all the wild rush of the storm wind, with all the flash and crash of the fiercest tempest came the savage hordes of the barbarians of nations. The mighty bulwarks which imperial Rome had raised in defence of her borders crumbled before them as the frail hedge before the swelling floods. Surely the garden of our Lord was again doomed. But no! Only a few years and the barbarian nations themselves were turned into the yellow grain that was ripening in the field of Christ's Church. Centuries again rolled by and then came the era of the Reform. An awful blight seemed to have scorched the grain in this mystic field and large patches wide and broad as spacious countries fell away under the withering infection of heresy. Again men imagined that all was over now. But a few years later, and lo! the grain again begins to stand erect in health and vigor. No, fear not the iron hoof of the horse or the howl of the storm wind or the canker of disease; that harvest will not fail.

But it will grow and develop normally and gradually. It will not leap into fullness with all the instantaneous rapidity of a mushroom growth. Swiftly enough will it spread to fill men with wonder. But, alas, the wayward will of man will, time and time again, undo the work of grace; and what once was conquered must be oftentimes reconquered. Our Lord Himself often enough impressed this on His apostles; for He plainly told them that man's stubborn will would place many a bar and obstacle in the way of His work. This our Lord again stresses in our parable; for see how minutely and emphatically He indicates the successive stages of advance: the blade, the ear, the full corn.

And just so the Church did progress. The outer limits of her kingdom were spreading ever farther and farther apart. Nation followed nation and knelt humbly before her throne with the oath of fealty on their fervent lips. From the very ends of earth the flocks of sheep came trailing into the one

enormous fold. Just so the blaze of truth divine! Her light went out into the benighted world, her torches glittered in impenetrable forests, gleamed on every hillside, shone resplendent in every vale. Her light grew brighter and brighter; for man's mind is venturesome and progressive; light is enlivening and stimulating; soon the schools dotted the cities, the schools grew into universities; the winged words of impassioned preachers were chained to immortal pages. So spark was added to spark, the flames burned into a blaze, and the deposit of truth was daily enlarged. Each mind saw another aspect of the golden message, love made man's genius doubly keen and thus drew ever new treasures from the Father's heritage. Heresies came to dim its luster but heresy only made men look the sharper; the challenge only roused the latent heroism of the champions of faith and one by one the glorious files of the doctors of the Church rose up before the admiration of the faithful. So too her family grew ever larger and larger. As her children increased and passed into manhood the Master of the household made due provision for order and contentment of all. To each was assigned his allotted task and office. Lovingly all vied with one another in maintaining the order of the house of God. As the apostles had chosen others to help them, and besides the bishops and priests and deacons they had selected catechists and saintly women to aid them in their task, so also in the Church, when need demanded, willing hearts offered to bear their share of the multiplied burdens. The pope was surrounded by his college of cardinals, the bishops by cathedral chapters, the priests by the lower ranks of the clergy. Just so the splendor of her worship developed. The joy of the growing family was ever one with the joy of heaven of which it was to be but a faint anticipation. Our Lord had taught His apostles to pray. He had instituted the Blessed Sacrament by which He could remain on earth with His spouse and His children. True, in times of the infant Church the apostles went from house to house breaking the bread in simplicity and poverty. True, for years the Lord of heaven and earth had to be content to hide once more in the caves of Bethlehem, in the shadowy crypts of the catacombs. But already St. Paul can tell us of the songs of happiness and the hymns of joy that would burst from the hearts of the Christians. And no wonder, for the worship of her God was modelled on the songs of the angels and the saints in heaven; the white garments of the saints, their waving palms, and their manifold obeisance became a model for the ritual of the Church on earth. And so the harvest grew. Then why will men raise the cry: "Back to primitive Christianity"? Did our Lord wish the seed always to remain a lifeless seed and nothing more? As well bid the fullgrown man to be a lisping child again; as well bid the oak tree return to the confinement of the acorn. No. Our Lord did not dwarf or cramp the Church; He planned for its expansion, progress, growth. And then just those who are the loudest in their clamor for this return to a primitive Christianity—do they agree on what is meant by a primitive Christianity? How many a one understands by that term only the most vapid of all chimeras, an undogmatic Christianity, a Christianity which cannot be expressed at all, a thing so formless and shapeless and evasive that it can only be felt by an unreasoning sentiment. No, God wanted the seed to grow, our Lord wished the seed to develop into a magnificent harvest and no man can deprive Him of it.

The harvest at the end. "And when the fruit is grown immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." The harvest is here, the general judgment at the end of time. We know this because this parable forms part of a series of parables in which the harvest is repeatedly alluded to and always as occurring at the end of the world.

The sickle is the emblem of the end in Apocalypse: "And another angel came out from the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat upon the cloud: thrust in thy sickle and reap, because the hour is come to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe" (XIV, 15). The Church as His kingdom will not

only stand firm and immovable until the end of time, but she will also advance in growth and progress. St. Paul wrote in the same strain: "And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; until we all meet in the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ" (Eph. IV, 11-13).

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

IN THE DEPTHS OF A MOTHER'S LOVE

The first reason for the great love that Mary bears to men, is the great love she bears to God; love towards God and love for our neighbor belong to the same commandment, as St. John says: "This commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God, love also his brother;" so that as the one becomes greater, the other also increases. What have not the saints done for their neighbor in consequence of their love for God! But who ever loved God as much as Mary? She loved Him more in the first moment of her existence than all the saints and angels ever loved Him or will love Him. It follows then that we neither have nor can have any one who after God loves us as much as this most loving of mothers.

Moreover, our Mother loves us much, because we were recommended to her by her beloved Jesus, when He, before expiring, said to her, "Woman, behold thy son!" for we were all represented in the person of St. John, as we have already observed. These were His last words; and the last recommendations left before death by persons we love are always treasured and never forgotten.

But again, we are exceedingly dear to Mary on account of the sufferings we cost her. Mothers generally love those children most, the preservation of whose life has cost them the most suffering and anxiety; we are those children for whom Mary, in order to obtain for us the life of grace, was obliged to endure the bitter agony of herself offering her beloved Jesus to die an ignominious death, and had also to see Him expire before her own eyes in the midst of the most cruel and unheard-of torments. It was then by this great offering of Mary that we were born to the life of grace; we are therefore her very dear children, since we cost her so great suffering.

From this arises another motive for the love of Mary towards us; for in us she beholds that which has been purchased at the price of the death of Jesus Christ. If a mother knew that a servant had been

ransomed by a beloved son at the price of twenty years of imprisonment and suffering, how greatly would she esteem that servant on account of this alone! Mary knows well that her Son came into the world only to save us poor creatures, as He Himself protested, "I am come to save that which is lost." And to save us He has been pleased even to lay down His life for us, "Having become obedient unto death." If, then, Mary loved us but little, she would show that she valued but little the blood of her Son, which was the price of our salvation.

And now, if Mary is so good to all, even to the ungrateful and negligent, who love her but little, and seldom have recourse to her, how much more loving will she be to those who love her and often call upon her! Although this most loving Lady loves all men as her children, yet, says St. Bernard, "she recognizes and loves," that is, she loves in a more special manner, those who love her more tenderly,

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

A FOOLISH MOTHER'S LOVE

When she came to Bridgeport she gave out her name as Mrs. Mantell. That was twenty-five years ago. Bridgeport always had had pretensions of one day becoming a bustling city. It boasted of five thriving factories. Two railway lines had stations in it. But, like all things earthly, Bridgeport had its limitations. It stopped growing and despite the efforts of real estate agents, property owners and promiscuous promoters it settled down to rest on its laurels. Carthage perished, Rome waned, and Bridgeport was not immortal.

At the time of this story Bridgeport was poised on the top rung of prosperity's ladder. It was then that Mrs. Mantell came and opened a millinery and dress-making establishment in very humble surroundings. In a growing city you will always find a class of people who, though not wealthy, ape the manners of the rich. By such as these Mrs. Mantell was patronized. Her hats were always in accord with the latest styles; her dresses were quite correct; in a word, the feminine portion of Bridgeport was very well satisfied with Mrs. Mantell.

But, despite the good opinion in which she was held, there was an air of mystery about her. She was very quiet and grave. There was something in her face that told of a sorrow in the past, whose shadow was always upon her. No one knew whence she came. She never

spoke of herself. Her work kept her and two assistants busy, yet her heart seemed never to be in her work; she worked for no other purpose than to try to smother down some bitter memory. Many were the conjectures that were raised as to her past, but no gossipier of Bridgeport was able to settle that point to the satisfaction of all. In greater cities, barber shops are the marts of general information; in lesser, the postmaster seems to be familiar with everybody's business, but in this case the postmaster of Bridgeport knew no more about Mrs. Mantell than Homer. Whatever mail came to her was pertinent to her business and afforded that worthy no clew to her history. She was married for she had said she was a widow. She was also looked upon as a Catholic. She attended Mass every Sunday without fail. Still, she was never seen with a rosary or prayer book, nor was she ever seen to approach the Sacraments. She was very devout at Mass, so people said, but if any good-meaning person spoke to her of religion, she always managed to turn the conversation into other channels. So at last the natives of Bridgeport gave over wondering about her and she became one of its everyday citizens.

Five years after her advent into Bridgeport, she startled her two assistants by telling them she was going away for a week's rest. When the week was up she startled them still more by returning and bringing with her a little girl of six years. Lucy was her name. She was a beautiful child with hair, long and flowing and as black as the raven's wing. Her eyes danced and sparkled with merriment. With Lucy's coming Mrs. Mantell seemed to take a new interest in life. But it was not for long, for when the winter came, Lucy took sick and died. There was cause for more comment when Mrs. Mantell called upon Father Hogan, the pastor of Bridgeport, to conduct the funeral. Lucy, so Mrs. Mantell told him, had been baptized a Catholic and for almost five years had been in the care of Catholic Sisters in a city of California.

From that time on Mrs. Mantell became the same pensive, silent creature she was before Lucy came. Her work became a very burden to her. With some piece of work in her lap she would sit for hours oblivious to all around her. When customers entered, she was listless, almost indifferent, her thoughts were taken up with something else. Now and then she seemed to rouse herself and when her friends thought she had conquered her sorrows, she became once more silent and mysterious. All attempts at consoling her or cheering her were

time wasted; there was something preying on her mind that was above all human consolation. The day finally came when she was compelled to give up her business. She rented a little home on the outskirts of Bridgeport and there, for fifteen long years, she lived alone. Sunday after Sunday she was seen at Mass and afterward, invariably, she went to the little grave yard near the church. Even in the most inclement weather she paid her visit to Lucy's grave, standing, bowed above it, silent and immovable. She visited no one. Whatever sorrow was eating at her heart was making her old before her time. The older inhabitants of Bridgeport remembered her well when she came. She was young, no more than twenty-three, they said, but during the past fifteen years, her sorrows had silvered her hair and wrinkled her face and made her twice her age.

There came a Sunday when she was missed at her accustomed place in the church. Two of her friends who had been most intimate with her went to her home and found her sick in bed. For a few days they tended her, then called the doctor; he was puzzled and could do nothing. When Father Hogan learned she was ill he went to visit her. He tried to find out the sorrow that was pressing upon her, but failed. When he spoke of religion, she smiled a faint smile, thanked him for taking so much interest in her, but told him that for her there was no pardon. He reasoned with her, pleaded with her, but always received the same answer, that the sins of her past would never be forgiven her. She died as she had lived, a mystery to the inhabitants of Bridgeport. After her death they found a letter, yellowed with age. It made her history more mysterious still. It was scrawled in a hurried manner, and read:

"Dearest Lucy:—I love you. For the sake of the dear child that will soon come to you, I ask you to forgive me. I wronged you when I asked you to become my wife. I loved you then, but I was unworthy of your love. Life is a burden to me; not even your presence can lighten it. I am going on a long journey. When they find me, I will be a corpse. Forgive me! I thought I could love you and live for you, but—I cannot explain. A long, long farewell and forever,

FRANK BAMBLE."

This was the only clew to Mrs. Mantell's past and Father Hogan took possession of it. Her history seemed safe till Father Calgan paid a visit to Father Hogan. They had been chums in the Seminary

together. Father Calgan's health had been going down. He took a vacation and came to Bridgeport to spend a few day's recreation with his old classmate. In the evenings, after supper, as they sat on the porch of Father Hogan's residence, they took turns in telling stories. It so happened that Father Hogan brought up the story of Mrs. Mantell. At its close Father Calgan remarked that he once knew a young girl and her mother by the name of Mantell. "The daughter," he continued, "got married to a young scape-goat by the name of Bramble." At this Father Hogan took a vicious puff at his cigar and leaned forward in his chair.

"What's that? Bramble! Did you say Bramble?"

"Now, Father Hogan," put in Father Calgan, "don't get excited. You know your heart is weak. You always had the reputation in college of getting over-curious when you sniffed a rat."

"Well, Father," rejoined Father Hogan, "this is *a rat*."

"What has the name of Bramble got to do with your Mrs. Mantell?" queried Father Calgan.

"Wait!" said Father Hogan, and quick as a flash he darted into his library and brought forth the old yellow letter.

"Take a look at that," he said as he handed it to Father Calgan.

Father Calgan laid his half-smoked cigar on the railing of the porch, drew from his vest pocket a pair of battered spectacles, dramatically perched them on his nose and shifted around to where the last rays of the setting sun would fall upon the letter. "Very old letter, isn't it?" he said, half to himself, half aloud. "Its yellow color brings me back to the time when some of our grey-haired or fray-haired professors made us plough through tome after tome of some old fossil's writings to locate some lost quotation. Father Hogan, you had better put this in a glass case before it crumbles into dust. If you want old curios, why don't you go out to that old oak-tree yonder and chip a few splinters off it. I should say that tree was five hundred years older than this letter."

"Never mind my weakness for curios," said Father Hogan. "Read it!"

Father Calgan began to read. When he reached the signature he stopped.

"Phew! This is getting interesting. Here is the name, Lucy, on this paper. That was the name of the young girl I once knew. How long did you say Mrs. Mantell lived here?" asked Father Calgan.

"Over twenty years," replied Father Hogan. "She was no more than twenty-five years when she came here and began dress-making down on Twelfth street. She was rather short, dark haired; one of her eyebrows was the slightest shade lighter than the other and—"

"That's Lucy Mantell!" broke in Father Calgan. "You say she is dead?"

"Yes, about a year," answered Father Hogan.

Father Calgan was silent. "Poor little Lucy!" he at last said to himself. "Poor little Lucy!"

Father Hogan was fidgety with curiosity. "Don't keep everything to yourself," he said. "Tell me the secret."

"It is a short story," rejoined Father Calgan. "The story of a foolish mother's love. I was pastor in —— when it happened. We had a very well equipped parochial school, well attended. Among my parishioners there was a Mrs. Mantell, of a rather romantic turn of mind. I never looked upon her as a staunch Catholic. She was a widow. Her one child, beautiful and talented, attended our school and was a favorite with me and all the sisters. When it came to a test of knowledge she easily carried off all honors. For five years she attended the parish-school. She was very devout. She was just sixteen when I asked her one day, half in jest, half in earnest, if she would not like to become a nun. Her face brightened at this and I found that this was the very ambition of her life. The end of her dream came when she was one year from graduation. After the summer vacation she did not report for school. I waited for a few days, thinking she might be ill. At the end of that time I paid a visit to her mother, to find out the cause of Lucy's absence. When I entered the home I noticed that Mrs. Mantell was more reserved than usual, and seemed quite surprised at my visit. There was a look upon her face that said plainer than words: 'You are wasting time coming here.' I inquired for Lucy. Mrs. Mantell flushed, but did not answer.

"Is she unwell?" I asked.

"She is attending the city high school now. I thought it more advantageous for her." She told me this with a calmness that took my breath away.

"Mrs. Mantell, she is but a year from graduation and I thought—'

"That is the very reason," broke in Mrs. Mantell, 'why I have taken her from the parish school; I wish to see her graduate from the high school. She will have greater opportunities for advancement

later on.' This last remark brought the blood to my face. I was thoroughly angry and Mrs. Mantell saw it and rejoiced in it.

"'Better opportunities for advancement!' I finally gasped. I mentioned the names of several young boys and girls who were graduated from the parish school and who now occupied positions of trust.

"'Will Lucy do better than this by being graduated from the high school?' I asked her.

"'You do not quite understand me, Reverend Sir!' That 'Reverend Sir' went through me like a knife. 'You do not quite understand me,' she continued. 'Lucy will have better opportunities of becoming acquainted with the young people of the wealthier families of the city.'

"Good heavens! there was that Catholic mother flinging her daughter into a crowd of young school girls and boys whose loose morality was publicly commented on in the daily newspapers. I was wrought up to such a pitch of madness by this time that I thought it prudent to hold my tongue. I took up my hat and walked to the door. She opened it for me. 'I hope you will reconsider this matter,' I said as I stepped out upon the porch; it was all I dared attempt to say. For answer she gave me a pitying smile, said, 'Good afternoon!' in a condescending manner and closed the door. Walking home, I tried to think what Lucy's fate would be. I met her several times afterwards. She was quite shy and backward; she was not the same lighthearted Lucy I had known before. At the end of the year Lucy was graduated, for I saw her picture in the newspaper; she was standing between two girls of the city's four hundred. As I looked upon it, I wondered if her mother was satisfied.

"A few months afterward, my health began to give way from the strain of work in such a large parish, so the bishop sent me out to take charge of a little congregation near Brighton. After four years, I packed up for a holiday. I first paid a visit to Father Darcy, who had taken my place when I left—four years before. While there, I asked him if he had ever heard anything of Lucy Mantell.

"'Why, yes,' he said. 'Last January, she took up and ran away with a young sport by the name of Bramble, a son of banker Bramble. The papers were quite alive with the episode at the time. They went to San Francisco, so I'm told. Mrs. Mantell does not seem to take the matter very seriously, in fact a neighbor told me she is quite elated over the big catch Lucy made. Old Bramble, so they say, is in a

towering rage and has made public a statement that he disowns his son.'

"That's the end of the story," concluded Father Calgan. "It's the same old thing: a young girl lead astray, then abandoned and disgraced; all because of a foolish mother's love."

"Isn't there something in Scripture," queried Father Hogan at the end of the story, "about the sins of parents being visited upon the children?"

"Yes, I think it does say that," he answered. Then he fell to musing "Poor little Lucy; and you died with no hope of forgiveness!"

JAMES COLL, C. Ss. R.

De Rossi, the archaeologist, gives us an interesting instance of a pilgrim whose way through the Catacombs of San Callisto can be traced by the words he scribbled on the walls as he passed down the corridors.

"Though fifteen centuries separate us from those times, we may still follow the track of one of the visitors in the galleries of the cemetery of St. Calixtus. He had apparently come to pray for a certain Sophronia, either his wife, his daughter, or his mother. Before entering the porch of the main sanctuary he wrote: "Sofronia vivas (vivas) cum tuis" . . . "Sophronia mayest thou live with thine." A few paces farther on, at the door of another chapel, he repeats his formula with a slight addition: "Sofronia (vivas) in Domino" . . . "Sophronia, mayest thou live in the Lord." Farther on, near the arcosolium of yet another chapel, he has written in large letters these words: "Sofronia dulcis, semper vivas Deo" . . . "Sweet Sophronia, thou wilt always live to God." And just below, he again scribbled: "Sofronia vives" . . . "Sophronia, thou shalt live." It would seem as if this pilgrim, as he progressed farther and farther down this subterranean gallery, which was sanctified by the presence of the bodies of St. Sixtus, St. Cecilia, St. Fabian, St. Pontian, and so many martyrs unknown to fame, experienced different feelings. He had come full of anxiety for the salvation of one whom he loved; but little by little this feeling changed to hope, then to confidence, and finally to certainty, and he returned from his pilgrimage, convinced that his prayer had been granted."

The devout pilgrim wrote his little scrawls with charcoal or pencil, and any visitor can decipher them without much difficulty.

Catholic Anecdotes

SHOOK HIS FIST IN THE PRIEST'S FACE

The day when "Lay Trustees" tried to rule the Church of God is well-nigh past. Still, in spite of repeated condemnations by the highest ecclesiastical authorities, there are a few out-of-the-way places, where some vestiges of the old system still exist. In one of these places it happened, not long ago, that the trustees called a meeting, in order to air their latest discoveries in Church government, and to tell the local pastor how he should preach the Gospel. During the meeting, the priest called their attention to some much-needed repairs about the church. They disregarded his suggestion. The priest, who realized the urgency of the repairs in question, continued to insist. One of the trustees rose from his chair, walked over to the priest, shook his clenched fist in his face, and said: "Shut your mouth, or we'll drive you out as we drove out a half-dozen others before you."

Before the week was over, that trustee fell from a load of hay and broke the arm with which he had threatened the priest. The bone was set, and seemed to be getting on nicely, when blood-poison set in, and carried him off so quickly that he did not even have time to receive the last Sacraments.

THE HOUND OF THE HEAVENS

During the time of the French revolution, there lived in Lyons a young man who had been carried away on the wild waves of impiety that overswept his country, and completely apostatized from his holy faith.

One evening, as he was passing down the street, he saw coming towards him a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament. In Catholic countries, when the Blessed Sacrament is carried to a dying person, the priest wears his cassock, surplice, and stole. He carries in his hands the same ciborium or chalice which he uses while distributing Communion in the church. Two men walk beside him carrying a canopy over the blessed Sacrament, and servers walk before, holding candles and ringing a bell. By common courtesy every one that meets this little procession is bound to kneel down, or at least to stop and

uncover his head. Our young man could not bear the thought of being obliged to show this mark of respect to the God he hated, so he turned down a side street to avoid the priest. After walking for some distance he happened to look back, and then he saw that the priest had turned down that self-same street. He turned down another street, but here, too, the priest followed him. Noticing a dark alley on his left, he stepped into it in order to allow the priest to pass. But as it happened, this was the very alley where the home of the dying person was located. The young man was caught, for the alley had only one entrance. In desperation, he entered an open door, and bounded up the rickety steps, never stopping until he reached the garret. Here a groan aroused his attention. Looking in, he saw a poor man stretched on his deathbed, and the nearing tinkle of the little bell told him that this was the destination of the priest, and that for him there was no escape; he must face the Blessed Sacrament at last. That moment a ray of divine grace melted his stony heart. He fell on his knees before his God and cried: "My divine Redeemer, how great is your mercy. I fly from you, and you hasten to overtake me. I try to escape you, but you follow me until escape is impossible. Your mercy has conquered. I will change my life and from now on prove my gratitude for your goodness to me."

"WE HAVE NO NEED OF A MISSION"

The pastor of a Minnesota church called in the missionaries to help bring about a renewal of the spirit in his parish. A stolid old settler in the town did not approve of this move. "We have no need of a couple of missionaries to come around and shout at us, and tell us that we are going to hell," he said. And he not only remained away himself, but did all in his power to prevent others from going. The poor fellow was the one that needed the mission most of all, for he had been for years a confirmed drunkard. All the next week after the missionaries were gone he boasted how he had prevented the success of the mission, and finally, in order to celebrate his supposed victory, went on his usual spree. After he was completely intoxicated, he staggered into the village blacksmith-shop to sleep himself sober. From some unaccountable cause, the shop took fire during the night, and he was burned to death in a drunken stupor.

"REMEMBER THOU KEEP HOLY THE SABBATH DAY"

Thousands of Christians disregard God's holy Sabbath and break all His other laws, and "no evil befalls them." But Almighty God can wait; He has all eternity to vindicate His rights, and punish the evil doer. Still, from time to time, He inflicts condign punishment upon some particularly stubborn sinner, in order that a salutary fear may bring the rest of us to cease breaking His holy law.

It was a short time ago during a mission in a small Wisconsin town. The church was filled with the enthusiastic people who had made the mission, and were now assembled for the solemn close. The missionary, wearing his black robe, with the large crucifix on his breast, ascended the pulpit. Deep silence fell upon the congregation. The missionary spoke: "Be ye ready, for at what hour you think not the Son of man shall come. I repeated to you these words of warning at the beginning of this holy mission. There was one man in this congregation that did not heed them. You know well whom I mean; he is the only man in the parish that did not make the mission; the reading of bad socialist papers had corrupted his once honest heart. This Sunday morning, instead of coming to Mass and mission sermon, he threw his rifle over his shoulder, and started out to hunt deer. He met three of his Catholic neighbors on the road and invited them to accompany him. 'No,' said they, 'we are going to church. And that is where you should be going too.' 'I go to church,' said the man, 'what did the church ever do for me?' And he turned on his heel, and walked away. He met some non-Catholic companions, and they dispersed through the woods to make a drive for deer. He placed the stock of his rifle on the trunk of a fallen tree, and attempted to vault over the obstacle. But a little twig caught the hammer of the rifle and discharged it. His companions heard the report and came running to see if he had shot a deer. They found him lying dead beside the tree. The bullet had entered his abdomen, and passed upward the entire length of his body, piercing the heart and coming out at the shoulder. He was hurried before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ without one moment's time to repent of his sinful life; and the laws of the Church will not even allow us to give such a one Christian burial. My friends, the hand of God has struck down one in your midst, in order to emphasize His solemn warning: 'Be ye ready, for at what time you think not the Son of Man shall come.'"

IN A STREET CAR

A priest, who was a promoter of the Apostleship of Prayer, narrates the following:

I was seated in one of the last places in a street car in which there were about twenty persons. All at once, from some one at the farther end, a frightful blasphemy was heard. I could not control my just indignation and cried out:

"What ill-mannered boor is talking there?"

A man about fifty years old turned around and said:

"I."

I went on:

"I called you an ill-mannered boor, and I say I am right. If you had any good breeding about you, you would have some respect for the persons around you."

"I have done nothing to you."

"Yes, you have done something to me. When you insult the father you insult the child, and God is my Father."

At these words the man who had spoken grew a little confused and muttered: "God never did me any harm."

"So much the more reason for not insulting him."

Growing more and more ashamed, he said weakly: "Some one trod on my foot."

"Well, because some one treads on your foot, is that any reason for you to lay the blame on God? If your neighbor strikes you, have you a right to give me a blow?"

He kept the deepest silence and for some time no one said a single word. I was the first to get out. As I passed in front of the man, I said to him aloud: "I spoke rather harshly to you, sir, but you understand it was my duty. I am a priest."

He held out his hand respectfully to me, saying: "I thank you, sir, for the lesson you have given me. You have done me good."

Blessed be the Heart of Jesus which vouchsafed on such an occasion to put into my mouth words that moved this blasphemer. May His Holy Name be eternally glorified.—*Catholic Citizen.*

With reason does St. Bernard call Mary "the Sinners' Ladder," since this most compassionate Queen, extending her hand to sinners, draws them from the abyss of sin and enables them to ascend to God.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

AN OLD WOMAN'S ROSARY

I bless myself, and I kiss the cross,
And the holy Creed I tell,
And the Paters and Aves trip off my tongue,
For it's me that knows them well.

For it's many a day these same old beads
I told in the same old way—
I got them my First Communion morn
And that's sixty years this May.

'Twas the Joyful Mysteries then I liked
(And I said them joyfully),
When our Lord was only a Child Himself
At His Blessed Mother's knee.

Ochone! but it's many and many a year
I've turned from the joyful deeds,
And I cry on the Sorrowful Mysteries
With tears as big as my beads.

For my beautiful boy with the fever went
And "himself" the next morning died.
Do you wonder I think of the Mysteries
That end with the Crucified?

For it's then as I'm telling each blessed bead
A-kneeling beside my bed,
We two women, God's Mother and me,
Have many a talk of our dead.

And that's why I'm liking the beads that tell
Her pains and Her darling Son's;
It's plenty of time I'll be having in heaven
To think of the glorious ones.

REV. H. F. BLUNT IN THE SALVE REGINA.

Pointed Paragraphs

GUARDIANS OF LIBERTY

The first American soldier to give up his life at Vera Cruz was Haggerty; the first to give up his life in this present affair with Vilia was Butler. Were they "Guardians of Liberty?" No, they were Catholics whom the "Guardians of Liberty" are systematically fighting; they were educated and received their ideals in parochial schools which the Guardians of Liberty are opposing.

The Catholics die for liberty, and then the "Guardians of Liberty" take it away from the Catholic and *guard* it. When Catholics fight, they fight in the open against armed enemies of the country; when "Guardians of Liberty" fight, they fight in the dark against inoffensive priests and sisters. How much safer it is to be a "Guardian of Liberty!" But after all, what gratitude the country owes them for consulting their own safety, for if they were to lose their precious lives, who would guard the country against the Little Sisters of the Poor and other such blood-thirsty enemies of liberty!

BANDITS

We are taking summary measures to rid the world of the bandit Villa; but how about the bandit Carranza? The latest act of his government is to take steps to loot the Church of Mexico. Our daily papers state this fact without a word of comment, adding dogmatically that "the Church in Mexico is immensely wealthy." When they commence the inventory of this wealth, it turns out to be chalices, vestments, churches and schools, and the means necessary to support them.

So this is the state of the case. While Mexican politicians were wasting their possessions in fast living, the Mexican clergy were leading abstemious lives and devoting the savings of centuries to purchase what was necessary for the people to worship God in a becoming manner. And now the bandit Carranza will rob them.

After we have used our money and our men to solidify Carranza's government, let us demand that it keep hands off the goods of the Church. Catholics, let us demand this and insist that our demand be heeded.

COMMUNE MARTYRUM

"He Died A Martyr." This formed the big black headline in the daily press; then followed column after column describing his virtuous life and his heroic death—his Second Nocturn, so to speak.

Who is this chosen soul, whose name must forthwith be added to the Martyrologium? Dr. Sachs, the Russian Jew who committed suicide in Chicago last month, because he "was tired."

Time was when a martyr was supposed to be one who died for the law of God; now, he is a martyr, who usurps the Creator's right over life and kills himself in defiance of the law of God.

If every pusillanimous suicide, too cowardly to face the trials of this land of exile, is a martyr, America will soon vie with Rome in her list of martyred dead.

CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM IT

New Jersey has done it—passed the Bible bill. State Senator Jobst, a Protestant minister, introduced the bill, the legislative body voted it, and the governor signed it. The bill provides that at least five verses of the Old Testament shall be read without note or comment every morning in the public schools.

This is not the first state that has tried to make Bible readers of its schoolma'ams. Some states succeeded and some didn't. The unsuccessful ones keep coming back to it like a steer to a salt lick. They know that education without religion is a farce—an absolute farce. Many of them wouldn't say this to you in so many words—many of them wouldn't even say it to themselves. But they know it nevertheless—they feel it in their bones. Of course they are too proud and too stubborn to admit that the whole public school system, built up without religion, is wrong, and that the parochial schools are the only schools really educating the children. They are too proud and too stubborn to admit that what they call food is rank poison, and to throw it away and procure a sane diet. Accordingly they try an antidote in the form of, say, five verses of the Old Testament every morning without note or comment. You who are reading this paragraph, open the Old Testament at random and read five verses; then try to imagine how much solid religion would be instilled into the

mind of a child of ten by the daily reading of five such verses without note or comment. This watery substitute for religion is laughable, or should we not rather say, pitiful! But it proves one thing: they can't get away from the idea that religion is essential to education—they simply can't get away from it.

WE PUZZLE THEM

We Catholics puzzle them. They can't quite get our measures. We are always damning godless education, and when they try to inoculate the children with a little mild religious serum by five verses of Bible every morning, we are up and fighting. We so far ignore the public schools as to build schools of our own where religion can be wedded to education, and yet when the public schools, to which we do not send our children, try to introduce a spark (O, such a tiny little spark) of religion into their education, we shriek as though we saw the bugger man! What's the matter with you Catholics any way? they ask.

Just lend us your ears a moment, and we'll tell you what's the matter with us. It's this: We're not fools; we don't exactly delight in being imposed upon. The reading of the Protestant Bible in the schools, as far as it is religion at all, is Protestant religion. After pinching ourselves to build and support Catholic schools, we don't want Protestants to take our taxes and use them to make the public schools Protestant.

THEY'RE ALL DOING IT

Have you heard of the new standard of morality: "Majority rule?" Just as a majority of votes can introduce an amendment to the constitution, so, too, according to this new code, it could introduce an amendment to the ten commandments.

Some of our up-to-date Catholics feel real bad (they have such kind hearts!) that we priests are so dull and thick-headed on these points. You can see that they pity us the way they say: "Why, Father, these dances are all right. Everybody dances them!" "Why, Father, there is no harm in that style of dress, everybody wears it. There is no harm in reading those books, in attending those plays, in encouraging this kind of company keeping. Everybody does it!"

If the disciples of this new creed had lived in the days of the Phoenicians, they would have burned their own children before the idol Moloch—everybody was doing it. In ancient Rome they would have joined in the cry: “The Christians to the lions!” or in Jerusalem, “Crucify Him, crucify Him.” Everybody was doing it.

It is well to remember that the reprobate burning in hell finds scant comfort in the thought that, “they’re all doing it.” Morality does not consist in apeing others or in following the crowd, but in doing what God commands, irrespective of what others do or say. The time is coming (in some countries and in some ranks of society it has already come) when they who keep the ten commandments will be jeered and ridiculed as “singular.” Be not surprised: Our Lord has said it: “If you had been of the world, the world would love its own: but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.”

“GO YE ALSO INTO MY VINEYARD”

The latest census of the United States tells us that out of our population of 100,000,000, 68,000,000 profess no religion whatever! What are you doing to bring the true light to your 68,000,000 fellow citizens who are wandering in the darkness of the shadow of death? Do not say, I have not been called to the missionary life. Do not say it; it sounds far too much like the notorious excuse, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” and you know who said that. You *are* called to the missionary life. Everyone is bound by the strict law of charity to help his neighbor in need whenever he is able to do so. And you are able to help these millions of neighbors. You can preach to them when the priest cannot. Your sermon is your daily life.

What sort of sermon did you preach to them today? Were you honest, sober, pure, charitable, truthful; did you conscientiously perform your duties towards your family, your employer, and your God? Ah, then you preached a powerful sermon. Who can say what blessed seeds you planted in the hearts of your unbelieving companions that will one day spring up unto life eternal! Who can say how many of those who saw you said to themselves: The religion that makes such upright men, such pure women, must be the true religion! Or, on the other hand, did you preach a sermon against the Church to which

you belong by your blasphemous and immodest language, by your lying, backbiting, intemperance, and double dealing? Did those with whom you came in contact lose their new found respect for the Catholic religion? Forget not the solemn truth that the faith God has freely given you is a talent. The servant that made good use of his talent was rewarded; the servant that did not was condemned.

THE LIBELS OF THE PROTESTANT CONGRESS AT PANAMA

It has already been mentioned here that the Peruvian Consul General at Panama has published a severe arraignment of the Protestant missionary congress held recently at the Isthmus, and that the minister of Peru at Washington has been asked to protest to our Secretary of State.

Let us see whether really the South American Catholics have no religion and no morality. We will quote only two instances out of many.

As to Christian and religious fervor we read in very recent accounts from Columbia: "In the missions given by twenty-nine Jesuits from the third to the twenty-third of December last, there were 98,074 communions, and in various places mission crosses were erected of twelve, thirteen, and fifteen meters in height. In a mission given at San Gil, from January first to tenth, the communions amounted to 21,500. The Lazarists gave missions in Guateque and Corrales and distributed 10,300 communions. During the year 1915 there were 68,380 communions in the National College of San Bartolome at Bogota. On New Year's day, at 10:00 A. M., were gathered together, on the square of Bolivar at Bogota, the president of the republic with the ministers and high dignitaries of the nation, the ministers or delegates of foreign nations, the army of the capital, and the whole Catholic people, for what? To assist at a solemn Te Deum of thanksgiving for the blessings of the year past and to ask for new blessings at the beginning of 1916. At the conclusion of the ceremony the archbishop gave benediction with the Blessed Sacrament to the Columbian nation there represented, whilst the army presented arms and the military bands played the national hymn."

And as to morality, here is a lesson that our over-civilized ladies

might well admire and imitate. The following rules are copied from the manual of the "Association for the Defense of Christian Manners," established in Brazil by distinguished Catholic ladies and maidens:

1. Not to make use of open and abbreviated dress, and banishing any kind of low cuts;
2. Not to adopt any fashions which offend against modesty;
3. Not to attend any dances habitually, and never take part in dances not modest;
4. Not to patronize immodest or dangerous shows or theaters;
5. Frequently to receive the sacraments and to see that the sick receive them in time." (These two telling documents are translated from the originals sent to the *Revista Católica* of Las Vegas, N. M.)

In conclusion, let me tell you of the Protestant "fly in the ointment." In December, 1915, the *Missionary News* (Protestant) was appealing for funds on behalf of "Our brethren who are dying from overwork" in South America! Now, it happened that a certain pamphlet fell into the hands of a Catholic missionary; it had been printed for private use of the Protestant missionaries by the Rev. R. E. Speer, the very same who had been president of the Panama Conference. In that pamphlet we find that there are 1,536 Protestant missionaries, male and female, in charge of 41,307 proselytes in South America, which is one missionary for every twenty-four. Besides, in Ecuador there are twenty-four missionaries for sixty-one neophytes, and the proportion is nearly the same in Venezuela, Paraguay, and Peru. An Anglican missionary, writing to the *Living Church* last September, stated that he could not even bring to church his own countrymen, and thus, in a colony of three hundred, hardly thirty were attending service. And with all this the reverend brethren are dying from overwork! But they add that funds are lacking. True, at the Panama Conference, they stated that the great organizations of North America had spent, in five years (1910 to 1914), for the Latin-American missions, over \$10,000,000, some \$4,000,000 more than in the preceding five years; but they at the same time confessed that this amount was "lamentably insufficient." This is undoubtedly a good confession, if they are to buy with money the souls which Christ redeemed with His Precious Blood. And how strikingly they verify the saying of the Savior: "Hypocrites, because you go about sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, etc."—Denver *Catholic Register*.

A MENACE

The New York *Tribune* printed the photograph of two men in a recruiting office stripped to the waist for examination. Both of them are wearing scapulars. The Chicago *Blade* printed the photograph of two groups of men in the same position and all of them are wearing scapulars.

In times of peace we hear a great deal about such things as scapulars being a menace to the country. But when war breaks out, scapulars seem to fit most naturally with khaki.

CENSORS OF MOVING PICTURE FILMS

In a recent issue of the *Liguorian* we remarked that the bill providing a National Board of Censors for Moving Picture Films would be able to do some good. We have noticed since that the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* works himself into quite a merry mood over the whole affair! "The idea," he laughs, of a board of censors legislated by the people, appointed by the people, to protect the people against themselves!" Does sound funny, doesn't it?

The next time the editor feels impelled to excite the risibility of his readers, he should attack the laws that forbids sewage to be turned into the lake near the city water supply, or the law against leaving dead cats to rot in the back yard. For don't you see, Mr. Editor, these laws are examples of that extremely funny thing—the people legislating to protect themselves against themselves?

It is high time that the editors of publications read by millions should know enough about human nature to see that the first function of civil government is to protect the people against the people, or if he wishes to put it so—to protect the people against themselves. As soon as the people begin to scatter poison about promiscuously (whether poison for body or poison for soul) so that the people—especially those that are inexperienced or weak or thoughtless—are likely to partake of it, it is the duty of the people to legislate against the crime. Only too often souls are killed by the moral poison disseminated by moving picture shows and books and amusements. That is why no government is doing its full duty unless it effectually prohibits all such things until the poison has been extracted from them. A censor for plays, a censor for books, a censor for amusements, is

necessary for any government that is doing its full duty for the governed. We do not insist on these things in this country because freakish ideas of morality are so common among our fellow citizens who have rejected the safe guidance of faith, that we would have no assurance of reliable censors. This, however, is merely an unfortunate state of affairs that makes censors of little practical utility, but it does not in any way disprove the fact that one of the first duties of every government is to safeguard the morals of the people. Those that cry: "Tyranny!" on reading this statement, show that they have not yet learned the difference between liberty and license.

Bishop Anderson (Protestant Episcopal) of Chicago has published a statement in his diocesan magazine on the subject of the "Panama Congress" which certainly deserves a wide circulation. He says:

"If we can help South America, in the name of God let us do it; let us be sure, however, that we help and not hinder. Protestant propagandism in Latin countries has not so far demonstrated great skill in ministering to the people. The missions in Italy, France, Spain, Quebec and elsewhere—they are all pre-eminently respectable and preeminently unsuccessful. It looks as though the Latin people and the Latin church must travel together. Perhaps we can help them by ministering to our own people in their midst and trying to set a good example. Perhaps in this way we can help them to be better Catholics. To try to help them by converting them from Catholicism to Protestantism is to hurt them. The converted Catholic does not make a good Protestant. Has the Panama Congress any special genius for making South Americans better Catholics? If not, the Episcopal Church will serve a broader purpose by keeping out of it."—*Catholic Universe*.

A few such declarations from eminent Protestants will help to remove the blot left upon that body by the Panama Congress with its unblushing calumnies against the Church and people of South America.

Divorce is not an evil, but its increase in this country really means that women are achieving higher intellectual and moral standards. Divorce never wrecked homes founded on mutual sympathy and affection, but merely serves to give legal status to the component parts of a family that has already disintegrated, and allows a chance that these component parts will find real mates and build up other families that will be permanent institutions.—*Dr. Lichtenberger, Professor of the University of Pennsylvania*.

And so this is the doctrine taught by a professor of the University of Pennsylvania! The Christian taxpayers of the state are forced to furnish the fat salary of this man! Of course, it matters nothing to Professor Lichtenberger that our Divine Saviour has said: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeth adultery." St. Marc. X, 11-12. It matters nothing that the "real mates" are adulterers—they are building up a family that will be a "permanent institution!" It matters nothing that his doctrine is greedily taken up by those slaves of lust

who divorce and marry half a dozen times—they are persevering in the laudable search for a “real mate” with whom they can found a “permanent institution!” It matters nothing that this thinly veiled doctrine of free love is destroying the sacredness of marriage, causing the crime of race suicide to run rampant or filling the land with that birth-marked breed of nondescripts called divorce orphans—should not the world make any sacrifice in order to bring together “real mates” and found “permanent institutions!”

To test a young lady's humility ask her to join a sodality to which her mother's servant girl belongs. If she consents to walk in the same procession with the domestic, her humility and virtues are of the right sort. If she refuses on the grounds of the difference in their social position, she has already joined the snob class, and there is no room in Catholic life for the snob.—*Brooklyn Tablet*.

We greatly fear there is no room in heaven for her either. She would be obliged to associate with so many servant girls there that she would be dreadfully bored, don't you know.

That was a fair-minded Methodist missionary down in Mexico who refused to accept the Catholic church offered by Carranza on the plea that he would not preach in a stolen church.—*Catholic Advance*.

Reviewing history, we find that such scruples of conscience were singularly rare among the so-called reformers of the sixteenth and the following centuries. How many European churches and cathedrals, built for Catholic worship, are now in the hands of Protestants! And sometimes they have the hardihood to take as the text of their Sunday homily the seventh commandment, “Thou shalt not steal!”

We don't like the syndicated editorial, and it pains us to note that several of our Catholic exchanges are using it. This does not reflect upon the articles themselves, which are excellent enough. But we look for the editor's own opinions on the editorial page. The editor who has no opinions should seek another position. His place is not on a Catholic paper. Put the syndicated articles on another page, brothers, and give us your views.—*True Voice*.

You will find no syndicated editorials in the *Liguorian*, brother editor of the *True Voice*. The editors of the *Liguorian* have opinions of their own—strong ones—and are mighty glad of an opportunity of expressing them.

The New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church last Saturday approved of a ruling that will permit a negro or a man of any other color to become a bishop. The Catholic Church has had such a rule for one thousand nine hundred and sixteen years.—*Denver Catholic Register*.

In other words, there is only one Church that is, and always has been, Catholic, that is, Universal.

A SELF WINDER

Some people's tongues are like a clock. They are ready at any moment to give you the "time o' day" with regard to all the neighborhood scandals.

Wordliness—everywhere wordliness! In the mart and in the workshop—in the glitter of the theatre, in the halls of society, in the inspiration of the latest novel, and in the fold of the morning paper. We need all the spiritualizing forces we can bring into our lives and our homes. Let us have good reading then—Catholic books and Catholic papers.—*Catholic Citizen.*

Subscribe for the *Liguorian!!!*

If a mother knew that her two sons bore a mortal enmity to each other and that each plotted against the other's life, would she not exert herself to the utmost in order to reconcile them? This would be the duty of a good mother. And thus it is that Mary acts; for she is the Mother of Jesus and the Mother of men. When she sees a sinner at enmity with Jesus Christ, she cannot endure it, and does all in her power to make peace between them. O happy Mary, thou art the Mother of the criminal and the Mother of the Judge; and, being the Mother of both, they are thy children, and thou canst not endure discord amongst them.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

Mary is the Mother of sinners who wish to repent, and as a Mother she cannot do otherwise than compassionate them; nay more, she seems to feel the miseries of her poor children as if they were her own.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

IMPRACTICAL

We should be silent, saving when
We can inform our fellow men.
If all observed this maxim neat,
How oft would silence reign complete!

	Catholic Events	
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Cardinal Serafini has been appointed Prefect of the Propaganda, a post left vacant by the death of Cardinal Gotti, March 19. Cardinal Falconio, former Apostolic Delegate to the United States, has been named Prefect of the Congregation of Religious.

* * *

According to recent reports, fully 150,000 wounded and disabled prisoners of war have been liberated from captivity through the efforts of the Pope.

* * *

Right Rev. Thomas Brennan, former Bishop of Dallas, Texas, has just died in his home at Grotta Ferrata, Italy. He resigned his See fourteen years ago.

* * *

Twenty-six years ago, when the empire of Brazil became a republic, it had one archbishop and eleven bishops; today it has a Cardinal, an archbishop primate, seven metropolitan archbishops, thirty-four bishops of dioceses, four auxiliary bishops, five bishops who have resigned their Sees, three bishops of vicariates apostolic, and four prefects apostolic. This is one of the countries to which our Protestant Americans are planning to bring the light of the Gospel—at so much a ray.

* * *

James E. Dolan, former National President of the A. O. H., died at his home in Syracuse in March. Under his powerful leadership began the successful war against caricatures of the Irish on postcards and on the stage. This is but another example of what can be accomplished by a man of strong convictions and a capacity for bold and persevering effort.

* * *

The bill making Columbus Day a legal holiday in the District of Columbia has passed the senate.

* * *

Father Bernard Donnelly, the Lenten preacher at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, has travelled 107,000 miles and preached or lectured more than 1,200 times during his missionary career.

* * *

The woman who shot and killed Father Jajeski of St. Paul and spread all manner of sensational reports about him was found to be insane.

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Father Joseph Hosp, parish priest of a village in Tyrol, has been knighted by the Austrian emperor for bravery in the ranks.

The Laetare Medal, conferred every year on one of the most distinguished Catholic laymen of the world by the University of Notre Dame, goes this year to Doctor James J. Walsh.

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The London Standard, founded in 1827 to oppose Catholic Emancipation, has suspended publication on account of the war.

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Father Miraglia, an apostate Italian priest, who had allowed himself to be consecrated bishop in the heretical sect called "Old Catholics," made his recantation and begged to be readmitted into the Church while lying seriously sick in the Mercy Hospital in Chicago, last March.

* * *

Bishop Burt, the Methodist Bishop of Buffalo, may have been premature when he showed his hand in the anti-Catholic fight. He said: "It is a fight to the finish. There can be no compromise; the clash is inevitable, and we are confident of the result. To begin with, it will mean compulsory public school education and the elimination of the parochial schools. This is a fight to the finish . . . The time is approaching more rapidly than you Catholics realize."

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The Holy Father has bestowed the Knight Commander Cross of the Order of St. Sylvester upon Dr. Fritz Holm, a Lutheran of New York, in recognition of his Chinese explorations dealing principally with Christian archaeology.

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Over 100,000 persons took part in the procession of penance held in St. Peter's, Rome, March 30. Cardinal Merry del Val closed the procession carrying the miraculous crucifix from the church of St. Marcellus. After St. Peter's was closed for the night, the Pope himself came down and prayed before the crucifix. It will be remembered that for many years, on account of the usurpation of his rights by the Italian government, it is not safe for the Pope to leave his palace and enter even St. Peter's while it is open to the public.

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A retreat for Catholic doctors, dentists, and druggists, and students of these professions was held in the Philadelphia cathedral, April 6-9, under the auspices of the Guild of Sts. Luke, Cosmas and Damien.

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It is reported (with how much truth, we do not know) that John Selvin, of the University of Santa Barbara, is on his way with a special message from Cardinal Gibbons to the Pope on the Mexican question.

News from Rome announces that the Holy Father grants a plenary indulgence to all the faithful who shall receive the sacraments May 5 and pray for his intention—an early and lasting peace.

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Never in the entire history of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith did any single diocese make an annual offering to the good cause that even approaches that contributed by New York this year, viz.: \$191,664.43.

* * *

It is trying and discouraging when a workingman or working-woman, in the weakness and lassitude that follows a long period of sickness, must face poverty or even actual want. A charitable society of Catholic women in New Orleans have pledged themselves to watch over the welfare of such persons until they are once more earning a comfortable living.

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Fifty law students took the recent examinations in Connecticut. Thirteen passed. Of the thirteen, five were from the Catholic University Law School.

* * *

The last week in March saw 2,000 men going about their daily work in the city of Cleveland with a little knot of purple ribbon in their button hole, and before and after work crowding into the cathedral. It meant that the annual retreat for Catholics was under way and that it outstripped any former year in attendance.

* * *

Three large parishes of Philadelphia have united funds and labors to found a joint headquarters for the relief of the poor, the instruction of working boys and girls, and a nursery for the care of working-women's children while the mothers are at work. The joint headquarters will be in charge of Salesian Sisters, especially trained in social work.

* * *

On March 24, a sudden death from pneumonia carried off Right Rev. Stephen Ortynsky, Bishop of the Ruthenian Catholics in the United States. His diocese comprised parishes in nineteen states. Ruthenians are members of the Church, like ourselves, but they celebrate Mass and administer the sacraments in a different language with different rites and vestments than we. There are also Ruthenians who are not members of the Church, but who follow the heresy of Russia and Greece. The late bishop often had serious problems to settle when he found Ruthenians of both kinds mingled together in the same parish.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

What is to be thought of those priests who returned to their respective countries to take part in the war?

We cannot command their action if they voluntarily returned and with the intention of actually bearing arms, since the law of the Church does not permit her priests to be soldiers. Of course, it is not forbidden for a priest to do hospital work (but not surgery) or to serve as chaplain. In certain countries priests are required by law to serve as soldiers and would suffer serious inconveniences if they refused to obey the call to arms. In such cases the Church tolerates their participation in the war.

I heard of a case where a priest obliged his penitent to go to Confession and Communion once a month under pain of mortal sin. How could he do that when the Church only requires annual Confession and Communion?

The law of the Church that requires Confession and Communion once a year establishes a minimum and does not exclude the obligation of receiving the sacraments oftener for some other reason. And while a priest cannot oblige a penitent to receive these sacraments at certain times, for instance, once a month, he may declare an obligation already existing on some other account. For instance, if the penitent is addicted to certain habits of sin, he may be obliged to approach the sacraments frequently in order to overcome those bad habits. The priest may declare this obligation to the penitent and must refuse to give him absolution if, without sufficient reason, he refuses to do his duty.

Isn't it wrong for Catholics by violence to prevent an anti-Catholic lecturer from speaking?

Certainly. Such violence may accomplish its object, but it is a violation of the law, is against the public peace and order, and ordinarily brings its authors and Catholics in general into disrepute.

I feel a certain repugnance to going to Confession to my parish priest so that on that account I do not approach

the Sacraments as often as I would otherwise, though I go to Confession and Communion every two months. Do I commit sin in this?

We do not see how you commit any sin in acting as you do since you are not obliged to receive the Sacraments any oftener. You merely act very foolishly in depriving yourself of many great graces for an insufficient reason. Try to overcome your feelings and go to Confession and Communion as often as you can with the consent of your confessor.

What are the prayers the priest says when giving the penitent absolution?

"May the almighty God have mercy on you, and having forgiven your sins lead you to everlasting life. Amen. May the almighty and merciful Lord grant you indulgence, absolution, and remission of your sins. Amen. May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve you, and I absolve you by His authority from all bond of excommunication and interdict, insofar as I am able and you may need it. And then I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. May the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, the merits of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of all the Saints, and all the good you have done and the ills you have suffered be to you for the remission of your sins, increase of grace, and the reward of eternal life. Amen." Sometimes the priest is allowed to omit some of these prayers.

Why do people pray to St. Anthony when they wish to find a lost article?

This devotion to the Saint is founded on an incident of his life. It is related that a very valuable manuscript book was stolen from the Saint. By his earnest prayer he recovered the book in quite a wonderful manner.

Why are the statues and pictures in the Church covered over on Passion Sunday?

The statues and images and pictures of our Lord and of the Saints are covered over from the first vespers of Passion Sunday till Holy Week, the

crucifixes being uncovered again on Good Friday and the pictures and statues of the Saints at the Gloria of the Mass on Holy Saturday. This ceremony of covering the images commemorates the fact recorded in the Gospel of Passion Sunday "that Jesus hid Himself".

How many different kinds of Sisters are there in the United States?

The Catholic Directory of 1915 lists about one hundred and seventy different Orders of Sisters in this country.

I am a young man attending high school. It often happens that the teacher or text book gives utterance to some false statement about the Church or her teaching. What am I to do? If I say anything I am afraid it will cause disturbance and be held against me. If I keep silence I fear that I may be giving scandal and I feel as though I were denying my faith.

Why don't you seek your education in one of our many excellent Catholic high schools or colleges instead of in an institution where you have to listen to attacks on your religion and where your faith may be at least weakened if not lost? However, supposing that you have sufficient reason to justify your attendance at this so-called non-sectarian school, we think you ought respectfully to call the attention of your teachers to these false statements about your religion. If you find after a few trials that your protests do not accomplish their purpose or that they cause prejudice against you, you are not obliged to continue them, nor are you thereby denying your faith. You should also take up the matter with your pastor who may have sufficient influence to correct the abuse.

What is the philosophy of Kant?

While Kant admits that there exists some reality independent of our thought, he maintains that we cannot know that reality, that we do not know things as they really are, in other words that our knowledge is merely subjective.

How is it that in the middle ages the Church forced Christianity on the pagans? Charlemagne, for instance, forced the Saxons to be baptized.

Charlemagne was not the Church. If Christian princes, through a mistaken sense of duty, obliged their subjects or conquered enemies to embrace Christianity, the Church never ap-

proved of such conduct. One becomes a member of the Church by faith, and faith is a free act to which no one can be forced.

Must I make my Easter duty in my own parish church?

The law of the Church requires that you should receive the Easter Communion in your own parish church, unless you are in some way dispensed or excused. In this country, in which there are no parishes in the strict canonical sense of the word, the faithful may receive their Easter Communion in any church.

a) *Must the chalice used at Holy Mass be of gold? b) Why does not the priest bless the people at a Requiem Mass?*

a) The law of the Church requires that the chalice, out of respect for the Precious Blood which it is destined to contain, should be of gold or silver if possible, or at least of tin, but not of brass or copper or glass, and that in all cases at least the interior of the cup should be gold plated. b) In the Latin rite greetings and salutations are frequently omitted to show mourning. Thus in the ceremonies of good Friday bows, kisses, blessings of objects and people are left out. Probably the omission in the Requiem Mass of the blessing of the people and of things and of the kiss of peace is due to the same principle.

Is it better to pay attention to the words, or to meditate on the mysteries when I say the Rosary?

You should meditate on the mysteries. To do so is necessary to gain many of the Rosary indulgences.

I recently had a priest say Mass for a deceased relative. He said the Mass in white vestments. Should he not have used black, or does it make any difference?

The sacrifice of the Mass is essentially the same whether said in white or black vestments and the benefit derived by the souls in Purgatory is essentially the same. The Requiem Mass is accidentally more beneficial on account of the special prayers of the Church for the dead. But the law of the Church does not allow the priest to say a Requiem Mass except on certain days. And the obedience shown to the law of the Church may compensate for the loss of the accidental benefit of saying the Mass in black.

Some Good Books

A valuable little book put out by Joseph F. Wagner of New York is *The Chief Points of Difference between the Catholic and Protestant Creeds*. The book is well written by Rev. F. Laun. There is a succinct statement of the non-Catholic teachings on such questions as Religion, Sacred Scripture, The Church, Faith and Good Works and other such topics with a clear and precise presentation of Catholic belief on the same subjects. Those who wish to inform themselves on the true statement of Catholic belief on subjects which most often perplex those not of the faith will do well to obtain for themselves a copy of Father Laun's valuable book.

Among the saintly priests who left home and fatherland to spend their lives on the American missions was Fr. Charles Nerinckx. It was by one of those inscrutable designs of Providence that conditions in Belgium, under the Revolution, should become so unbearable as to drive men of such energy and piety as Father Nerinckx to our shores. Rev. W. J. Hawlett's *Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx* describes in a very interesting manner the missionary labors in Kentucky and the beginnings of perhaps the greatest work, the foundation of the highly esteemed order of nuns, The Sisters of Loretto. The book is put out by The Mission Press of the Fathers of the Divine Word, Techney, Ill.

The Blessed Peace of Death. A Little Book of Good Cheer. Adapted from the German of the Reverend Augustine Wibbelt. In the course of life you may some day rack your brains in a vain endeavor to find some book which you can present to those friends of yours who are sick and near death's door—some book which while reminding them of death, will not depress them, but cheer them up and help them in their final struggle. Dr. Wibbelt's book is a book of this nature. While it treats of death and things eternal, it at the same time teaches one to look forward with a firm hope to the peace of a blessed eternity. The book is published by Joseph F. Wagner, New York.

Those who have enjoyed Father Maher's dramatic novel, "The Heart of a Man" will gladly welcome another production of the same gifted author. In *The Shepherd of the North* we have a most valuable addition to the number of good Catholic novels. The hero is an American bishop of the pioneer stamp whose gallant fight for his people against the encroachments of Capital is vividly portrayed. The minor characters, Jeffrey Whiting, and Ruth Lansing, occupy a prominent place in the picture and the story of their love is told most feelingly. The narrative is enriched throughout with strikingly dramatic scenes. The tragic death of the gaunt woodsman; the flight from the convent; the murder and confession in the midst of the flames; the struggle of love with the Seal of Confession; the battle on the hills; are all depicted with the same skill which characterized "The Heart of a man". Beneath the whole fabric of the story the reader feels the great, irresistible almost uncanny power of the Church. It is a book for Catholics and one which should be appreciated by them. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$1.35.

Those who love to hear of the "Great Wild West" with its rolling prairies and rugged mountains, its savage tribes and reckless cow-boys, its flaunting vice and chivalric virtue, would do well to read Carrie Adell Strahorn's book *Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage*. It is a vivid picture of the American West of thirty years ago, a picture in which light and shadows are most admirably blended. Beautiful illustrations add much to the value of the volume. It is also put out by Putnam's Sons and sells at \$2.50.

Persons interested in travel or in description of foreign places will be very much pleased with the picture Mr. Ralcy H. Bell gives of Taormina, a picturesque town of Sicily. There is much to marvel at and Mr. Bell is an enthusiastic admirer who can impart his enthusiasm to his readers. Hinds, Noble and Eldredge, New York, publish the volume and it sells at 75c.

Lucid Intervals

Pat Fogarty went all the way from Manchester to London to thrash Mike Fitzpatrick, which he did, winding up the performance with the aid of a horseshoe. He was detected and brought before a magistrate.

"Well, sir," began the court, "you came here from Manchester, did you not?"

"Your honor has answered correct."

"You see the complainant's head? It was cut by a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?"

"Ain't your honor after sayin' that a sharp instrument did?"

"I see you mean to equivocate," said the court, becoming restive. "Now, sir, you cut that head; you came here to cut it, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?"

"The locomotive, your honor."

"Equivocating again," said the court, waxing warm. Raising up the horseshoe and holding it before Pat, he said: "Do you see this horseshoe, sir?"

"Is it a horseshoe, your honor?"

"Don't you see it is, sir? Are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horseshoe?"

"Bedad, no, your honor."

"No?" angrily.

"No, your honor; but can yerself tell?"

"Of course I can, you stupid Irishman."

"O, glory be to goodness, see what education does!" soliloquized Pat, aloud. "Sure, your honor, a poor, ignorant creature like meself wouldn't know a horse's shoe from a mare's."

"How much vas dose collars?"

"Two for a quarter."

"How much for vun?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Giff me de odder vun."

The cub reporter saw a hearse start away from a house at the head of a funeral procession.

"Who's dead?" he inquired of the corner storekeeper, who was standing near his door, gazing at the conveyances.

"Chon Schmidt."

"John Smith!" exclaimed the cub. "You don't mean to say John Smith is dead?"

"Vell, py golly," said the grocer, "vot you dink dey doing mit him—practicing?"

Mrs. Henpeck—Is there any difference, Theodore, do you know, between a fort and a fortress?

Mr. Henpeck—I should imagine a fortress, my love, would be harder to silence!

Johnson—Ah, I see the newspapers are speaking about me again this morning.

Simpson—Indeed! In what connection?

Johnson—Well, they say that at the close of last week there were over five millions of people in London. I am one of them.

A farmer in a small way walked into the offices of one of our fire insurance companies and intimated that he wished to insure his barn and a couple of stacks.

"What facilities have you for extinguishing a fire in your village?" inquired the superintendent of the office.

The man scratched his head and pondered over the matter for a little while. Eventually he answered, "Well, it sometimes rains."

A horned frog walked into the sanctuary of the *Tulia Enterprise* last week, stood on its hind legs and winked at the editor, and yet some people believe that prohibition prohibits.

Guest—Yes, I had mock-turtle soup. By the way, where do they catch mock-turtles?

Waiter—Near the sham-rock, I think, sir!

Al—My dear sir, what is it that a Ford runs on, a man eats with, and a girl brushes her hair with?

Pal—Give it up.

Al—A road, his mouth, and a hair brush.

P R A Y E R .

O MOTHER of Perpetual Help! grant that I may ever invoke thy most powerful name, which is the safeguard of the living and the salvation of the dying. O purest Mary! O sweetest Mary! let thy name henceforth be ever on my lips. Delay not O Blessed Lady! to succor me, whenever I call on thee; for in all my temptations, in all my needs, I shall never cease to call on thee, ever repeating thy sacred name, Mary, Mary. O what consolation, what sweetness, what confidence, what emotion fills my soul when I utter thy sacred name, or even only think of thee! I thank the Lord for having given thee, for my good, so sweet, so powerful, so lovely a name. But I will not be content with merely uttering thy name. Let my love for thee prompt me ever to hail thee Mother of Perpetual Help. Obtain for me, therefore, the pardon for my sins, love for Jesus, final perseverance, and the grace ever to have recourse to thee, O Mother of Perpetual Help.

I. Thou hast been made for us, O Lady, a refuge.

R. A helper in need and tribulation.

LET US PRAY.

O Almighty and Merciful God, who hast given us to venerate the Picture of Thy Most Blessed Mother under the special title of Perpetual Help; graciously grant that amidst all the changes of our journey through life, we may be so defended by the continual protection of the same Immaculate ever Virgin Mary, that we may deserve to obtain the rewards of Thy eternal Redemption, who livest and reignest with God, the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost world without end. Amen.

An indulgence of 100 days, to be gained once a day. (Rescript of May 17, 1866.)

1866

Devout Souvenir
of the

Golden Jubilee

of the recovery and restoration to public veneration of
the miraculous image of
Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

1916



Mother of Perpetual Help.
Pray for us!